had only partially applied it to external decoration.

Mr. Donaldson wound up the discussion, and observed that the question under discussion was simply a question of research, the object being to establish a fact; and justice should be rendered to M. Hittorff for his labours, with that end in view. No person, he believed, would attempt to deny the fact that the Greeks used colour. Although the climate of Greece suggested the use of colour, this was not even a question of climate; because in the frozen climate of Russia the churches were covered with porcelain, and their roofs gilded and painted. Size had also nothing to do with the question. There was not in London a portico of the size of the Parthenon. As to material, the Athenians employed marble because it was cheaper than stone; and it was well adapted to show those beauties of form, which was a primary object with them. Mr. Harding preferred the Apollo Belvedere as a living object, and not as a dead corpse, but surely the application of colour would produce the effect of life. He had no doubt the ancient Greeks did paint their statues; and even certain modern sculptors were endeavouring, by delicate tints upon the hair and garments, to produce the same effect. Accustomed as we were to consider a marble statue the perfection of art, it was difficult to overcome the prejudice against colour; but the more the question was studied, the more should we do justice to Greek art, and advance in art ourselves. He certainly believed that the Apollo was painted originally, or, at all events, toned in a delicate, sensitive manner, to neutralize the effect of the cold marble. In his recommendation of coloured stones Mr. Harding adopted polychromy, which was not a question of material. The marble arch in Oxford-street was a cold, dead, tasteless monument; but if marble of different colours had been employed for the columns, the friese, and the panels, it would be more expressive and more beautiful.

FINE ART: ITS NATURE, RELATIONS, AND TENDENCIES.

If life be, as in its best and most comprehensive signification it undoubtedly is, the *summum bonum* of man, the perfecting of which is at once his greatest present advantage and highest future hope, it follows, as a necessary consequence with regard to the component parts of life, that they are to be estimated in proportion to the directness and extent of their connection with its highest and most perfect development. It is only by a continuous reference to the perfected idea of life that we can establish a correct estimate of any one of its component parts, or rightfully discern the relations and tendencies of it. I wish after this method to examine that part of life which we call Art: I propose to inquire—1stly. Its nature,—what art is; 2ndly. Its position with regard to the more exact and practical developments of the human intellect,—or its relations to science; 3rdly. Its tendencies,—what in its present state it does.

1st. What is Art? The dictionaries offer us three equivalents in exchange for the word "art," viz. "science—skill—cunning;" as if implying in the professor of art, knowledge of its principles, experience of their powers, and dexterity in their application; and, in ordinary judgment, any work in which these three qualities are so far displayed as adroitly to meet a preconceived standard of taste, is estimated as a work of art. But a small amount of critical experience, if only it be united to truth-seeking principle, will soon discover to us that the essential being or vitality of art is not contained in the dry skeleton of rule and theory; and that it is possible for a man to have at his finger-ends, as it were, the Academy Lectures of Reynolds and others, or the works of Bach and Albrotaberger, or the precepts of Vitruvius, or the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, and yet be an ineffective painter, a pedantic musician, an imitative architect, a word-jingling poet; for it is not the rule that makes the artist, but the artist that reveals and practically expounds the rule, which is itself a detached portion of the great whole of art; and an attentive examination of the great works of the great masters of art will show us that they were wrought, not as from below to the latter of an arbitrary and inflexible law, but as from above, in the spirit of a pervading and expansive principle; and the *Apollo Belvidere*, the *Last Judgment* of the Sistine Chapel, the *Sinfonia Eroica*, or the *Paradise Lost*, are, in this view of the subject, not wonderful and all-excelling achievements of technical dexterity, but the natural and exalting results of the unimpeded progress of the soul of art, which is not a theory, nor a formula, nor a doctrine, but a life. Considered then in reference to the entirety of life before spoken of, I would offer as a definition of the thing art, *a spiritual apprehension of nature*; or that power by which the artist using his intellectual faculties in obedience to the dictates of the spirit, discerns in, and evolves from, the subject of his action, a range of ideal power and result, which, in its ordinary acceptance, it gave no evidence of possessing: the broad sea-port river, with its mast-crowded docks, its white-sailed ships and rapid steamers, its long-stretching quays, its floodgates, and shifting busy crowds of men, which to the common eye is suggestive but of the speculations of commerce, or the demands of toil, is to the painter an inexhaustible panorama of picturesque combinations of form, of exquisite and changing harmonies of colour, of powerful contrasts of effect, and ever-varied phases of feeling and expression, from the clear fresh sparkle of the early morning, to the soft still shadow of the warm dusky evening: he looks with a spiritually discerning eye on the face of nature, and to the flash of her beauty gives back an answering beauty on his canvas bright with the lustre of the life of art. And the poet from the same materials can build the lofty rhyme, and open to our view unthought-of depths—

"Of man, of nature, and of human life."

In like manner the architect, from necessities of construction, and the musician from impulsive issues of sound, work in obedience to the same principle; and throughout the whole range of art, we ever find in its productions an attempted material expression of the feeling of a spiritual life. For as in the moral or religious life goodness is the prime wisdom, and in the intellectual life wisdom is the chief good, so the issue of the art-life, which in its perfect form is the result of the union of the former two, is the feeling and expression of the beautiful; and art is beauty in its holiest and wisest form,—beauty perfect in the purity of goodness,—pure in the perfection of intellect.

Again, as art is a life, its works live also; for as art-law is but the sample or exponent of the entirety of art, so art itself is but the exponent of the æsthetical infinity beyond it; and its works partake of the nature of their agent. True, they are subject to the accidents of times and fashions; they may be decried, slandered, or, worst of all, despised; but in the end art, like wisdom, is justified of her children; and its work, emerging from unmerited obscurity, assumes its legitimate position; or, if it fade into oblivion, does not do so until either, by direct or indirect influence, it has given birth to an equally excellent and more fortunate successor.

True art (in its full acceptation) is an expression of our whole life, i. e., of all nature and human history and experience; and when we gaze upon any real work, whether it be architecture, sculpture, or painting, or whether Egyptian or Indian, Roman or Gothic, we behold a reflection of nature,—its effect upon the human mind under the varied circumstances of life. Art is nature, not with corrections and revisions, but with notes and annotations; and as it is nature stamped with the signet of mind, it is itself, in the highest sense, nature,—an union of the physical and the spiritual. It is "the man-child that is born to the soul," whose "life still circulates in the babe."

Moreover, the arts are one; they are alike discernments of the spirit or higher intellect; and their works are alike the result of that spiritual discernment. Poetry is art, as all the arts are poetry. Poetry may be looked upon as the art-spirit that reveals itself in a literary pictorial, sculptural, or architectural form; and it is the living presence of the art-soul in the expressed work or performance that stamps it a work of art. It is not columns and entablatures, nor buttresses and arches, that constitute a building or architecture; nor is it an acquaintance with the recognised canons of art that make the architect, but the power to *project* himself, as it were, into these media of his calling, and thus expound, in characters of wrought and carved stone, the dictates of the oracle within. It is the same in poetry, which is not rythmic or cadenced words, but a voice of the heart, "a thought so passionate and alive, that like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own." The true artist works from within outwards, and the man that cannot do this is not an artist in the full sense of the word,—if he be only master of the technicalities or language of his art. Not but that much difference exists between these art-languages, not only as respects the mode of their reception by the mind, but with regard to their relative importance in their respective branches: sculpture, painting, architecture, and music cannot be attained without long practice, while poetry requires little or no application or study of rules, scarcely anything beyond common knowledge of language and grammar: the architect and artist must go through long elementary training in the studio, while the genius of the poet may blaze out in a day, and illumine the office or the workshop: the architect and painter must be devoted exclusively to their profession: the bard may walk

"In glory, and in joy,
Behind his plough upon the mountain side."

He, therefore, who has learnt to represent any natural object faithfully, though he has only acquired the language of his art, has done, I conceive, a great deal more towards being a real painter, than the man who has learned to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet. I deny that language is of the same relative importance in all the arts,—that the value or importance of a picture, for instance, depends as much upon the mere telling of a story, as the poem upon its fable or subject. I consider that the painting is infinitely more of the picture than the grammatical and cadenced words are of the poem, because the painter's art is almost entirely imitative. In painting, language pervades the whole art and all its operations: the painter never ceases learning this language: increased knowledge of it is part of his advancement. Some of his works are almost, if not entirely, composed of language. To paint a picture chiefly to tell a tale is to degrade painting as an art of the beautiful;—to take it out of its province, which is to convey those truths that could not be taught by other means than those that appeal to the eye; not to convey that which could be better told by other arts. To show how small a part of a great picture the telling of the story is, and how much it is dependant for its effect upon the charms of colour and form, let the same story be told in plain words, or made the subject of a newspaper paragraph. Persons who deny this consider the resemblances between the arts, but forget their differences: as the poet has to assert those truths in words that could not be expressed on canvass or in marble, so the painter and sculptor are to raise those ideas and excite those emotions that can only, or at least best, be raised and excited through the medium of the eye; and the musician those that the ear only can receive, or best receive. There are truths of nature to be impressed upon the heart that could not be put into words, and can only be conveyed through the medium of the sight; and such are among the embodiments of the painter, sculptor, and architect. What is here said in reference to the eye may be affirmed with respect to the ear, which has also its especial and exclusive province in art. Who, I would ask with Carlyle, could describe in logical words the effect that music has on us?

But to return to our comparison of the arts themselves. In every one of the fine arts, as I endeavoured to show on a former occasion, the same law holds sway: the elements used for any one art, as essential to a given expression, are those which are also employed in the others. The architect, for instance, takes the elements of sublimity, and the broad and harmonious walls rise up, and we stand under the dome of St. Paul's, or gaze on the chaste fane of Minerva. Next comes the musician, and

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